

(Akala)



THE WAR MIXTAPE VOL II

DELUXE EDITION ALSO INCLUDES VOLUME I

Akala - Quiet Storm (Freestyle) Lyrics

DJ Clue. Dessert Storm. That boy Fabolous. Street Fam
Niggas wanna' freestyle
Y'all better get your bar work together
I'm tellin' you right now
Friday night freestyles
CLUMINATIIII!!

We done seen it all, been thru it all
It's quiet

I put my lifetime in between the papers line
Just a hustler out here trying to make a dime
Feel like when crackheads was beggin' me to take the nine
Man these bum ass rappers need to make a sign
That say will rap for food, for real scrap you're screwed
I put the paws on you and lil' scrap you dudes
My goons in the audience still clap when cued
Put the Hawk in your chest and Millsap you dudes
I'm still snapping dude, still run my city and still lapping' dudes
In the studio in a still trappin' mood
On a beat from '99 that's still slappin' dude
See real rap I'm rude, disrespectful with the flow
I met wifey she disrespect and call you bro
Shorty mouth crazy disrespectful on the low
She like to spit on it disrespectful little ho
On some real shit, you just need a real bitch
Chillin' when in public, not some groupie'd out in the club bitch
Type you don't hear from until you get up
It was quiet for you till you started turning shit up
And that ain't real bitch, you more like a bill bitch
Fridge ain't got no grub bitch but it's eat the booty like it's Publix??
Run into these type chicks NOTHING is up
Shorty lost her sponsor that was cuffin' her up
I'm like hot damn ho here we go again
Your nigga cut you off broke scenario again
No more Felipe you eating cereal again
No more lipo you big as Terio again
Oh yea, quiet for you niggas too
Wanna' small talk cause they ain't as big as you
Wanna' throw dirt cause the bitch is diggin' you
Don't let the songs on the last album triggas' you
(YUUP! *trey songz tone*) You ain't Trey, you poo nah nah
Look what you done started ooh nah nah
Got the twin nine milli's, my two nah nahs
Used to call them Nadia, still bye bye to you
We ain't lacking got the thing out or we concealing
We're I'm from daddy's bang out in front of their children

My plan was to get the gang out and get them millions
Now it's mansions but used to hang out up in them buildings
Them boys in the lobby was rowdy yea
You gotta' think Bobby and Rowdy yea
Now we out in Abu Dhabi in Saudi air
Then they let me Ricky Bobby the Audi yea
(uh) on some Furious 7, rest in peace Paul Walker I hope you hear this in heaven
I be preaching on these niggas you would swear it's a reverend
Four game sweep flows in a series of seven
Its the F to the A to the B O-L-O-U-S you just get some mo' rellos'
I'm Frank Costello yea but more ghetto
Yea i'm in a house with more rooms than a hotello
I used to sit and watch Knicks moves, no Melo
Now I get to make king moves on rose petals
Shorty stand still didn't shake no jell-o
Then she slow it down like when the lights go yellow
On some real shit
I just want some real shit
Not none of this fuck shit
Sound like Barkley with that Chuck shit
Fuck all of that weird shit I'm tired of that
If it ain't Young OG then it's quiet for that
It's the real...

DJ Clue.Dessert Storm... That boy Fabolous
Shoutout to Brooklyn what's up? Queens what's good?!